

The Principle.

First Principles in Religion, Morals, Government, and the Economy of Life.

VOL. II.—No. 24.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

WHOLE NUMBER 76.

The Principle

Published Weekly, at 339 Pearl Street, (two doors above
Harpers' Building) New-York.

WILLIAM GODDELL, Editor.

SAMUEL WILKE, Proprietor.

TERMS: One Dollar a year, in advance.

Direct business letters, with remittances, to

MELANCTHON B. WILLIAMS, Publishing Agent,
as above.

PROSPECTUS.

Our object, by this publication, is to promote pure religion, sound moral
Christian reforms, the abolition of slaveholding, caste, the rum-traffic, and
kindred crimes—the application of Christian principles to all the relations, do-
mestic, business arrangements, and aims of life—to the individual, the family,
the Church, the State, the Nation—to the work of converting the world to
God, restoring the common brotherhood of man, and rendering Society the
Type of heaven. Our text book is the Bible; our standard, the Divine law,
our policy, obedience; our plan, the Gospel; our trust, the Divine prom-
ises; our paupers, the whole army of God.

Editorial friends, please copy, or notice.

THE BIBLE ABOLITIONIST.

Containing the testimony of the Scripture against slavery, and the Scrip-
tural method of treating it.

"To the law and to the testimony: If they speak not according to this
word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa. viii. 20. "All Scripture is
given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for correction, for
instruction in righteousness. That the man of God might be perfect, thor-
oughly furnished unto all good works." 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

Part III.—Slaveholding brought directly to the test of the
Bible.

CHAPTER XII.

COMPARATIVE GUILT OF EGYPTIAN AND AMERICAN OPPRESSION.

A consideration of the supposed excuses of the Egyptians,
in our last chapter, suggests a comparison between
the guilt of the Egyptians and the guilt of Americans. The
excuses they have made, when compared with ours,
and in the light of the comparative atrocity of the two sys-
tems, indicate that our guilt, as a people, is vastly greater
than theirs.

Other considerations point in the same direction. With
our type of civilization, there is a more rapid and general
diffusion of intelligence and information. We live in the
nineteenth century of the Christian Era, they lived about
fifteen centuries before the coming of Christ, and before the
giving of the law at Mount Sinai. We have the completed
giving of the Scriptures; they had not a single page of it.
We have the teachings of Christ and his Apostles along
with those of Moses and the Prophets. They were without
even the Decalogue, or the Books of Moses. We have the
light of their history and of all the subsequent histories,
which, to them, were still future. If they were warned by
miracles as we have not been, we have the well-attested
history of those same miracles, with the recorded fulfillment
of the threatenings connected with them. And we profess
to receive the record as coming from God. We have been
warned, for the last thirty years, by a cloud of faithful wit-
nesses, whereas they were warned for only a comparatively
brief space of time. We, Americans, claim to be, our-
selves, the sovereigns of our own country. The Egyptians,
like the Hebrews, were but the subjects and vassals of their
monarch.* As Americans we have declared the equal
rights of all men to be self-evident and have suspended to
the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our
intentions to establish and maintain a Government for the
security of those rights. We claim to be a Christian peo-
ple, interested on the conversion of the world. The Egyptians
had heard no such declarations, had entered into no such
engagements, had made no such professions, had enjoyed
neither the Old nor the New Dispensations, and knew nothing
of the enlarged ideas that have grown out of them.

* See Gen. xlvii.

What God did to the Egyptians, and to their Monarch
as a punishment for their oppressions, must therefore be of
marked significance, in teaching us how he regards such
superlatively aggravated oppressions as slavery and slave-
holding, in America.

THEIR PUNISHMENT

Run over, then, the catalogue of the plagues of Egypt—
the Nile and all the waters turned into blood—the frogs,
the lice, the flies, the "grievous murrain" on the beasts,
the hail, breaking forth with blains upon man and upon
beast—the "hail mingled with fire," smiting "throughout
all the land of Egypt, all that was in the field, both man
and beast, and every herb and tree of the field"—"till even
the people remonstrated with Pharaoh and said, 'Knowest
thou not that Egypt is spoiled?' Then came the locusts,
the darkness, for three days, over all the land, the mid-
night death-wail for "all the first born in the land of
Egypt, from the first born of Pharaoh upon the throne, even
unto the first-born of the maid servant behind the mill, and
upon all the first born of beasts,"—and finally, the over-
throw of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea.

GOD'S WRATH AGAINST THEIR OPPRESSION.

Read over the story at leisure. And read, in all this,
the expression of God's righteous indignation against the
sin of oppression, even as it existed in Egypt, in a form so
much milder than American oppression that the victims of
the latter would hail as a deliverance the condition of the
victims of the former—an oppression far short of human
chattelhood, an oppression that left its victims in possession
of large property, even "very much cattle," instead of not
being allowed to own themselves, nor a rag of clothing, be-
ing held as cattle themselves—an oppression that neither
forbade education, nor annulled marriage, nor separated
families, nor compelled concubinage, nor hunted down fa-
milies with blood-hounds, nor inflicted stripes for free so-
cial worship. Read the American Slave Code, then read
the story of Egypt, in the fear of the God of Israel, reflect
upon it, pray over it; then lay your hand on your heart,
cast your eyes upward, and say to your Maker, if you can,
that you believe the Bible to be his word, but doubt whether
American Slavery and slaveholding are sinful—"malum
in se"—wrong in themselves, and hateful in God's sight.

PRACTICAL INQUIRIES.

But you cannot do this. Inquire then what God would
have you and every American citizen, especially every
American Christian do, for the abolition of American Sla-
very. Something he, of course, requires of you. What is
it? Can it be less than what he requires of the Egyptians?
Have you no personal responsibility in the matter? Did
God treat the Egyptians as if they had none? And is he
not the same God still?

Are there no national responsibilities for American op-
pression? What were God's dealings with the Egyptian
nation? Does he not govern the American nation by the
same laws? Read your Bible and see.

A NORTHERN PLEA FOR THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.—By
Geo. W. BASSETT, (OTAWA, ILL.)

We received, some time since, a copy of the "Plea" in
pamphlet form, and intended to review it in the *Prin-
ciple*. But other labor has demanded our time, and other matter
has demanded our space. In the mean time, it appears at
full length in the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, (Garrisonian, Salem,
Ohio. Mr. Bassett has long been known to us as an Abolitionist.
At one time he was pastor of a Congregational Church in
Washington City. We had reckoned him among those who
hold to the Constitutional right, as well as the moral and political
duty of a National abolition of Slavery

and were not expecting from him a plea for the *Right of
Secession*. Of course, he means the right now claimed, and
attempted to be exercised by the "Confederated States" un-
der the Presidency of Jeff. Davis, to secede from the United
States. Yet he says,

"Mark! I am not now considering the motive or object of the
secession of the Southern States. I am only defending the principle
of self-government, or the right of any people to make, alter, or
abolish their own Government."

It strikes us, that the "motive or object" of the secession
has much to do—everything to do—with the right of seces-
sion. So thought our fathers, when, in their Declaration
of Independence, they carefully based their right of seces-
sion on the righteousness of their cause, and shaped their
entire argument in proof of it, recounting the wrongs they
had endured, and appealing, not only to mankind, but to
"the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of their
intentions" to establish a government "to secure these rights"
affirming "that all men are created equal, and are endowed
by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among
which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—that
to secure these rights, governments are instituted among
men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the
governed."

Our fathers claimed the right of secession on the express
ground of their motive and object to secure human rights,
implicitly acknowledging that the right was *conditioned*
upon the motive and object, and, by implication, that if un-
faithful to their professions, the right would be forfeited,
which, alas, seems in process of being verified by history.
The solemn appeal to "the Supreme Judge of the world,"
seems in process of Divine inquiry, at the bar of Providence.

When the Southern Seceders can truthfully make the
same appeal, it will be in time to consider their claims. We
do not forget—we vividly remember—that they too, have
their list of grievances, and complain of invasions of their
rights, but since they all culminate in the one idea that they
are denied their rights because they are not allowed, with-
out restriction or limitation, to take away everybody's rights,
we submit that that claim is invalid from the beginning
and that they have no rights to secede for such objects.

The very fact that they claim rights and enumerate griev-
ances as the ground of their secession, is an acknowl-
edgment, on their part, that their pretended rights are not
rights, then their alleged grievances are not grievances, and
that their hoisted right of secession is no right at all.
Mr. Curry, Mr. Charles O'Connor, Mr. Wigfall, and the en-
tire phalanx of their associates boldly join issue with us,
on that very point. They claim the right of slaveholding
as a natural and inalienable, a divine right, and build the
entire superstructure of their political rights, including the
right of secession, upon this corner stone. Take away that
corner stone, compel them to acknowledge its non-existence,
and they will not pretend that they have any such rights at
all. Mr. Bassett is among the last men to concede to them
this corner stone. He should have been the last to concede
to them the superstructure reared upon it.

There are no political rights that are not founded upon
moral right, and that do not harmonize with it. The
ethical underpinning of Mr. Bassett's argument utterly
fails. No man living, perhaps, is able to demonstrate the
truthfulness of that underpinning, more completely than Mr.
Bassett has done, in a sermon at Washington City on the
subject.

But Mr. Bassett may perhaps say, as he quotes Alger-
non Sidney as saying,

"The whole body of a nation cannot be tied to any other obedi-
ence than to one which is with the common good, as, according to their
own judgment, and having reason been subdued, or brought to
terms of peace with the magistrates, they cannot be said to rebel
against them to whom they owe no more than seems good to them-
selves, and who are nothing by themselves, more than other men."

If this proves anything in favor of the slaveholders' right of secession from a government that fails to acknowledge, at every point, their supremacy, when, in fact, that government is bound to prohibit and suppress their supremacy over the slaves—for this is the sum total of their pretended right of secession—then it proves altogether too much for Mr. Bassett, who is an abolitionist, to acknowledge. It proves the right of slaveholding, which he denies, as much as it does the right of secession, which he concedes, the latter being but a logical inference from the former, and having no existence, for a moment, after the former has disappeared.

But the slaveholders must act "according to their own judgment"—they owe no more allegiance "than seems good to themselves."

So said the pirates of Barataria, some years since, when they seceded from the Federal Government, and set up their less execrable and less dangerous Confederacy, somewhere in or near the same Gulf. But our Government was guilty of the usurpation of scattering, like the chaff of the summer threshing floor, the remnant of them that they must not exterminate.

They must "judge for themselves!" So must the rest of mankind. So must the Government that is bound to put an end to their piracies. We say nothing in favor of the right to keep them in the Union, and yet leave for them to continue their piracies. That argument will permit them to continue their piracies. That argument will permit them to have a heart for it, and who are able. Our business is with Mr. Bassett's "plea" for the right of the progeny of the Baratarian pirates to control the Gulf, the Gulf States, the Border States, and the whole North American continent, as they inevitably will and must do, unless they are now suppressed) instead of dealing with them as our national necessities and duties demand, as the Ruler of the Nations, by his word, and Providence, require, at our hand—and as we certainly could and should do, if, with more of the spirit of severity than the slaves, we were not too leniently proud to welcome their aid for a common national defence. The nation has neither the moral nor the political right to let the two or three hundred thousand slaveholders secede, with four millions of American citizens under their hoof. If they do this great wickedness, God will punish them, with a portion of the same bitter cup, by the hands of the slaveholders themselves—a portion they will most richly deserve.

"In taking the side of the South," says Mr. Bassett, "it is not in the enslavement of her poor, that I side with her, but in her inalienable right to national sovereignty."

But who does Mr. Bassett mean by "the South"? Who are they that have an "inalienable right to secede"? Are the petty oligarchy of two or three hundred thousand slaveholders, among the ten or twelve millions of the people of the Southern States? *The South?* Is it they that have an "inalienable right to secede"? for the sole "motive and object" of depriving those millions, with their posterity forever, of all their "inalienable rights?"

Can Mr. Bassett tell us from what authority, super-human or human, such an "inalienable right to national sovereignty" is derived? Does "the Supreme Judge of the world" recognize any such right? Did our fathers, who claimed the "right of National Sovereignty" claim any such right? Would either one of the numerous authorities cited by Mr. Bassett, admit any such exposition or application of their doctrine? Would Sidney, Jefferson, or Milton? Would Kossuth, DeKalb, or Lafayette? We think not. If they would, we would take up their appeal to higher authority than even these names.

Mr. Bassett virtually concedes the point, himself when he says:

"It will not say that the governing class of the Slave States, by the systematic repeal of all civil justice, in the enslavement of the poor, have not justly forfeited their sovereignty, but not a conceivable right to secede with themselves. I will not say that the civilized world should not unite to wipe out chattel slavery as an inhuman to be tolerated, that they should not entirely suppress it, and that the African Slave Trade and its attendant slave population sovereignty in its place. But this is not the question before us. It is the question of the right of the slave States to secede. We are not to question a principle, but to organize it. And our motive is the physical passion that man honors the just as of the world, and the truth of justice."

A number of expressions in the above paragraph deserve attention here.

1. "The governing class of the slave states." The slaveholders? These, it would seem, comprise what Mr. Bassett calls the South and the slave states. A pri-

ori part, perhaps, of the people of "the South" and of the "Slave States." But is this fourth part, "the South" or "the Slave States"? But is this fourth part, "the South" or "the Slave States"? When these proclaim secession, do the "Slave States" secede? Is it for their inalienable right of secession that Mr. Bassett, the radical abolitionist, pleads? And does the "Anti Slavery Bagle" approve the "plea?"

(2) Have they (the petty oligarchy of slaveholders) "justly forfeited their sovereignty"? When did they ever lawfully or truthfully, in fact, possess any such "sovereignty" to be "forfeited"? We deny the statement, in toto.

(3) But if they have "justly forfeited" their "sovereignty" and do not now possess it, what has Mr. Bassett, an abolitionist, to do, with a lahorated defence of that "forfeited" sovereignty and of the "unfalsifiable right" to exercise it "according to their own judgment"—whether in accordance with the natural, immutable, and heaven-established conditions and limitations of that "sovereignty" or no?

(4) If the "civilized world" might, without "usurpation" or transgressing the "sovereignty" of "nationalities" unite to wipe out slavery in our slave states, is it not the right and duty of our National Government, to wipe it out? And if so, what becomes of the "usurpation" of its preventing secession, which would put it comparatively, at least, out of its power, to "wipe out chattel slavery?"

(5) But, says Mr. Bassett, the nation is equally guilty with this "governing class of the slave states." Be it so! It is high time to come being thus guilty. How, why, and wherein has it been thus guilty? Chiefly and primarily, because it has so long neglected to "wipe out chattel slavery." All the positive aid given to the abomination, has been the natural, the necessary result of tolerating it. The duty, the obligation is not cancelled by the past neglect to fulfill it. On the contrary, it is immeasurably intensified. Never has that duty, that responsibility been so pressing as at this moment. Past neglect, as it does not cancel present obligation, does not disqualify for the present work of discharging it. Be it so, that the Nation is, at this moment as guilty as the slaveholders. So much the stronger is the obligation, so much more pressing is the necessity, for honoring their obligations, and discharging these duties now. "Today, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Say now, "We are delivered to do all these abominations."

If it is not (as between the Federal Government and the Slaveholding seceders) a question of philanthropy? It is high time to make it so. If it is a question of "aggrandizement" allow it to be such no longer. "Exeunte judgment. Deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor!"—instead of allowing the oppressor to "secede" with his prey, and making a "plea" for his "inalienable right of sovereignty" to do so! The distinction drawn by Mr. Bassett between that right, and the right to oppress, upon which it is founded, is as mischievous as it is absurd. "The governing class of the Slave States" have no more right to secede, taking the four millions of their victims in chains along with them, than a few of them had, when at Chicago or Detroit, to run off with two or three, or a score or two of them. And the Nation and its Government have no more right to permit the wholesale secession than they had to permit the retail one. Their duty, in both cases, is plain. It is to deliver the oppressed.

(6) In doing this, on the large scale, they would "inaugurate true popular supremacy in place" of the counterfeited popular supremacy which the "governing class in the Slave States" are attempting, by secession, to establish and exercise. By the use of that phrase—"true popular sovereignty." Mr. Bassett concedes the other, which he had been indicating, to be spurious and false!

And this is the same thing as to concede that it is no right at all. This seems too evident to require elucidation or proof. But since Mr. Bassett has introduced so many arguments in favor of his position, and has given utterance to so many things that we deem contrary to the first principles and to the fundamental facts involved, we intend to pursue the review of his "plea" for the purpose of correcting his mistakes, which, especially as coming from an abolitionist, at this crisis, we deem calculated to do much harm.

The Royal Mail Steamship *Pesca* has just made the shortest passage ever made from this city and a half between Liverpool and New York.

"OUR COUNTRY" PAST AND PRESENT.

"Our Country is free! Our Country is free!"

So cried the dying patriot of the Revolution. Whom the blood had begun to chill, and the eye to grow dim—when the sound of "Independence" fell upon the ear, and summoning all the best energies of expiring, but unselfish nature; and whilst the fire of true patriotism, momentarily rekindled in the eye: "Thank God," he exclaimed "our country is free!"

It was like a dying legacy. Rapid as thought, the spirit of devotion to God and man was taken up and borne along over plains, and hills, over the mountain tops, across the prairies, and along the lake shores. From city and town, and village and hamlet: from the humble cabin and the stately hall, the beach, the bar, and the pulpit: the all inspiring cry was heard—"Our Country is free!"

Children, and sires, and grand-sires: maidens and wives and grand-daughters; all ranks, all ages, all classes and conditions of men, took up the glad note, and from the field, and the wharf, the merchant's resort, and the mechanic's workshop, was harmoniously shouted—"Our Country is free!"

It was the Nation's natal day. A great commonwealth was then born. A commonwealth destined of God to occupy a proud position among the kingdoms of the earth: a position of great national elevation; commanding the admiration of the world; and the well deserved and respectful salutation, "Hail Columbia, happy land!" It was the realization of the happiest dreams, any, rather, the best promises embraced by the faith of the pilgrim fathers. It was the answer to the oft repeated prayer—"May God defend the right, and let oppression cease." God did interpose, the yoke of oppression was broken, and world-wide, the grand proclamation went forth, "America is free!"

The history of the Nation since that period, presents a picture of unprecedented, and almost miraculous prosperity. The annals of the world cannot furnish a comparison. And yet perhaps we can account for it. The nation may be said to be the offspring of the Church;—the Church when she recognised the great truth, that it is "the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich." The Church then put herself into the attitude of earnest supplication to God, for national blessings, and divine protection. As a consequence of this, we have a Constitution, which for purity, and liberality, and comprehension of human rights, and provisions to secure them, is the admiration of the wise and good, of all nations. A Constitution which secures to every man the right of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." In accordance with this, every man is a free citizen. We have our free institutions: elective franchise, vote by ballot, trial by jury, the writ of Habeas Corpus. Institutions guaranteeing the maintenance of the rights, and liberties, of all citizens in common, ensuring progress in commerce, in the arts, and sciences, and literature.

And we have made progress. As a nation, we have become robust, and among the other nations of the earth, have assumed a commanding attitude. In the majesty of our great moral power, in the extent of our commerce, in the value of our free institutions, we have spoken to all climes, to all waters, in all countries, and to all people, the language of true dignity, and in tones which have created universal respect, we have exclaimed—"Stand in awe, sin not, God is in our midst; He is our refuge and strength." In the efforts making for the advance of civilization, in our great moral reforms, in the number and variety of our religious institutions: we have presented a centre of attraction to all the world; and at the present time, the representatives of nearly all countries, may be found among our true and faithful citizens.

And yet who can turn the face toward the midday sun, and drink in the balmy breezes wafted from citron groves, and orange blossoms; and not be heart-sickened at the cries of suffering and bleeding humanity? What mean those plaintive moans! those irrepressible sighs, those deep groans? Why those fearful shrieks, these agonizing demands for death, in preference to life? Is it that God has not justified, and abundantly blessed the country, for man to dwell in? Is it, that the earth has ceased to bring forth abundantly, food for both man and beast? No, the bounties of divine providence yet flow through the land like a wide, and deep-rivalling river. Man has but to stretch forth his hand, and abundantly satisfy the best wishes

News of the Day.

Now the question whether the North or the South is right, in the present war, is a question depending, in no small measure, upon the question—*What is the Constitution?* What does it mean? Answer these questions, one way, and the seceders have the best of the argument. Answer them another way, and they are altogether in the wrong. Answer them in still another way, and there may be faults and grievances on both sides.

Is it not best to know which side is right, and which is wrong?

The Government is calling for more soldiers to "defend the Constitution" than there are American citizens who have studied the Constitution enough to know whether it ought to be defended or not!

Millions are offering millions for an armed defence of the Constitution. How much will they, or any body else, give, to teach the people what the Constitution is?

A thousand part of the cost already incurred by the war might have educated the people into such a knowledge of their free institutions and of their Constitutional powers and facilities for defending them against the oligarchy, at the ballot box, as would have superseded the necessity of the war.

If the war is to be terminated, without submissions, concessions, and compromises on the part of the North, fatal to freedom, it must be because the people of the North will have been "led to read, to study, to understand, and to maintain the 'National Charters' of their freedom."

Never was the work of circulating "OUR NATIONAL CHARTERS" so pressing a necessity, as at present. Measures should be immediately taken in towns, villages, cities, and counties, for furnishing every citizen with a copy at a trifling expense. Who will pioneer the task?

We speak advisedly when we say that not one common sense honest man in an hundred, reads "Our National Charters," who will afterwards, say, upon his honor, that he doubts the Constitutional power and Constitutional duty of a National Abolition of Slavery.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS OF THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

There will be a sermon before this Society, on Sabbath Evening, May 5th, at the Church of the Puritans, Union Square, New York, by Rev. Jonathan Blanchard, D. D. President of Wheaton College, Illinois. Addresses at the Anniversary on Monday Evening, May 6th, at the same place, are expected from Rev. Messrs. J. A. Thome, Cleveland, Charles D. Boynton, Cincinnati, C. H. A. Balke, Patterson, N. J., and A. B. Milligan, Western Pennsylvania.

There will be a Special Meeting for conference, of the members and friends of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, at the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Monday P. M. May 6th, 3 o'clock. A general attendance is requested, of those who sympathize with this Society, as a suitable exponent of evangelical Christianity, upon the subject of slavery.

In behalf of the Executive Committee.

J. C. WEBSTER, President.
HENRY T. CHEEVER, Secretary.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-seventh Annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Church of the Puritans (Dr. Cheever's), in the City of New York, on Tuesday, May 7, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. In the evening, another public meeting will be held in the Cooper Institute, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock.

The Society will meet, for business purposes only in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, at 3½ P. M. on Tuesday, and 10 A. M. on Wednesday.

The New York (FIVE) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will hold its quarterly meeting in the Lecture Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 5th. Address by Wendell Phillips and Theodore Tilton. Admission 10 cents, to defray expenses.

The Tribune relates how *Samuel Sumner* was in danger of mob violence in Baltimore, the night before the Massachusetts Regiment arrived there. He put up at Barrum's Hotel, where he was surrounded and entered by rowdies, threatening his blood, but means were found for his escape.

We present the news, as it comes to us, during the week in the form of a Diary, beginning with the day after our last issue went to press.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20.

The President of the United States has issued his proclamation, declaring the ports of the South in a state of blockade.

Harper's Ferry has been abandoned by the United States troops. It was attacked by 2,500 Virginians, and the garrison of 43 men blew up the Arsenal and Arsenal, containing 15,000 stand of arms, and retreated into Pennsylvania with the loss of three men. The place is not of any value in a military point of view, being commanded by the surrounding hills, so that it could not be held against an attack in any force. The only thing that gave importance to it was the Government Arsenal, and that, fortunately, has been destroyed, and the arms prevented from falling into the hands of the rebels.—*Tribune*.

About 18 months ago, Federal troops were sent to keep the Army and Arsenal out of the hands of the slaves. Now the U. S. troops burn up the same establishment, to keep it out of the hands of the slaveholders! God still holds the nations in his hand.

Cassius M. Clay, lately appointed Minister to Russia, says at home to take command of a company of 100 volunteers, in defence of the government. In his speech at Cleveland, Ohio, in a Free Soil Convention, in 1851, he said, in our hearing, that, in case of a civil war concerning slavery, he should "go with his own color."—Of course he would have to go with the slaveholders! Is that the sort of help the administration wants, now?

Southern calculations.—A Washington Correspondent of the Tribune, who has just returned from a tour through Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, S. Carolina, N. Carolina and Virginia, says:

The general belief is that Ben. McCulloch is about to attack Washington successfully; that Mr. Lincoln will be killed; that the North wants to subjugate the South; that Yankee soldiers, as they are called, are cowards and easily defeated.

There is great wonder that no Disunion party has yet been developed in the North, and there is expectation, daily, of hearing that the masses of New-York will inaugurate a bloody rebellion and overthrow the authorities.

"Our dear Christian brethren of the South." The same correspondence of the Tribune says—

Methodist clergymen are acting as captains. Confessions are obtained from religious converts. Boys are enlisted, and women are urging on brothers and husbands.

The Tailors of New York are now full of business, making uniforms for the military.

At Richmond, Va., gold and New-York exchange is 15 per cent premium. Southern stocks, in New-York, are rapidly depreciating.

Leading pro-slavery Democrat, as Daniel S. Dickinson, John Cochrane, Mayor Wood, James T. Brady, &c., were announced as among the speakers at the Great Meeting at Union Square, this afternoon, in support of the government, and we were told by a friend that he saw Dr. Spring and Bethune on one of the stands. Why such men were put forward, or why they made their appearance, we leave for our readers to conjecture. The presence of Floyd, Toombs, Jeff. Davis, would have been equally appropriate to the occasion.

Edward Everett has come out in the favor of the Administration, and declares that the Government must be sustained. Throughout New-England all party distinctions have been swept away. The Boston Post, The Boston Courier, and all the Opposition journals of any note, have pronounced in favor of sustaining the Administration, and putting down the Rebellion.—*Tribune*.

Blood shed at Baltimore. A Massachusetts Regiment, in passing through Baltimore, though marching with the Mayor of Baltimore at their head, were attacked by a mob, with stones, bricks and fire arms, and two of the soldiers were killed. The troops then fired on the mob, and killed eleven of them. Ten soldiers and four Baltimoreans were wounded.

Abolition, Philadelphia, April 20, 1861. Gen. M. V. has been repeatedly re-informed, to-day, by citizens of New York, to send upward large numbers of troops, till the authorities at Washington have requested them, will be further directions. What can this mean?

Gen. Curtis of Pennsylvania declines sending any more troops to Washington, till the Government furnishes arms for them.

What the South fears. The utmost efforts are being made to spread the report throughout Virginia, that the troops from the New-England States are coming to set the slaves free, and to invade its soil and plunder its citizens. A general insurrection of slaves is feared.

What is threatened. It is said that Jeff. Davis will make his headquarters in Richmond, in five days. This is promised in that city as an inducement to get volunteers to fill up the ranks of the State regiments. It is reported that batteries are at once to be erected all along the Virginia shore of the Potomac in order to prevent troops from passing up that river to Washington.

Kentucky, it is said, will declare herself neutral;—to prevent invasive incursions from Ohio, while she permits any numbers of her citizens that please to march to the aid of the seceders!

Washington, April 19.—The Secretary of War has apprised President Garret, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that the troops sent to the South, over that route, will be regarded as an act of treason.

The government will immediately fortify Maryland and the Heights overlooking the Washington Navy-Yard.

Defensive works will also be erected on Virginia Hill, overlooking the Potomac river.

More troops are wanted to carry out the measures for the defence of the capital.

Boston, April 19.—A Canadian gentleman states that a sympathetic war feeling with the North is aroused in Canada, and that six hundred men from Quebec, and a large number of volunteers, are coming to Boston to enlist in the regular United States army.

The Virginia Convention declares the State out of the Union, without submitting the question to the people, though the Convention was chosen under the express stipulation that its action should be first submitted to the people, before going into effect.

SUNDAY, 22.

Great anxiety has been felt here, since Saturday afternoon, for the safety of Washington City, but we still remain without authentic intelligence. The telegraph wires are cut, and the rail tracks are taken up, by the rebels in Maryland and Virginia, in order to prevent the Government from communicating with the North. Various rumors are afloat, of which the truth cannot yet be ascertained.

At Baltimore (as is stated by persons who left there on Sunday morning) "all law and order were at defiance, and the city seemed under the control of the secessionists."

Four steamers of the largest capacity, yesterday left this port with troops, viz.: the *Baltic*, with the Twelfth Regiment; the *Columbia*, Capt. Wadsworth, with the Sixth; the *R. R. Ogden*, with the Seventy-first, and the steamer *Ontonagon*, with part of the Rhode Island Regiment and Gov. Sumner's soldiers. Another Massachusetts Regiment also arrived and was received on board the *Arctik*, which will probably leave here, too. The *Harriet Lane* conveyed the fleet.

HARRISBURG, April 23, 1861.

A body of 2,000 Irish were thrown forward by the midnight train to the first bridge on the way to Baltimore, which has been destroyed on the Northern side. They are to be followed by 300 regulars from Carlisle, and Sherman's battery of Flying Artillery, and 1,000 more volunteers.

BALTIMORE, Saturday, April 20, 1861.

The Melville bridge, on the Northern Central Railroad and between Woodbury and Mount Vernon, has been burned down. It is reported that the Northern soldiers are at the Relay House on that road. A bridge on the Northern Central Railroad, and one on the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad are gone.

The secessionists threaten to capture Washington, and, if necessary, burn it down, and retreat.

HARRISBURG, April 22.—It is stated by officers of the army, who arrived Sunday evening from Baltimore, that the guns of Fort McHenry were turned toward Baltimore, but there had no time to get.

BALTIMORE, April 20.—The city is in great excitement, and armed men are moving in every direction.

The Mayor and Governor have notified the President that no more troops can pass through Baltimore, unless they fight their way.

The President replies that no more troops will be brought through Baltimore, provided that they are allowed to pass through the city without molestation.

The bridge on the Northern Central Railroad have all been destroyed.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, April 20, 1861.

The Government has taken possession of the Baltimore Road. No trains are to leave for or go to Wilmington.

The Toronto (Canada) Globe advocates a Union between Great Britain and the United States, against the seceders.

lived, at Montgomery, sick, and the latter at Charleston, expecting an invasion on the coast. The forces in Washington, under Gen. Scott, were already 10,000 men. The President, it is said, will immediately make a requisition for 100,000 more.

Seven Regiments will report themselves in readiness to day. The Governor yesterday issued a proclamation calling for 21 regiments a addition to the 17 already ordered out in obedience to the requisition of the President. This will make a total of 28 regiments, comprising 30,000 men, from N. Y.

Edward Palmer is forming a company of Mount-Vernoners to be composed entirely of teetotallers.

The Doctor of Washington. A gentleman, now resident of Washington, who has removed his family to the North makes the following statements:

"Half the people inside the city are friendly to the Southern lead is. Everywhere I boldly heard sectional sentiments proclaimed. Ladies rejoiced over the downfall of Sumter, and the wife of a clergyman told me triumphantly on Sunday morning last, 'Now you will see what we can do.' This is the greatest danger to Washington, and it is one nothing can overcome. The soldiers who have volunteered in the city are nine-tenths of the wrong boys, and will not make any show at all, if attacked. You would be indignant to hear the open reproach and ridicule cast on the Massachusetts troops. It said they ran all the way through Baltimore merely from a mob of unarmed men; and it is with great gusto that all they had to do was to knock a Northern soldier down, and take his musket from him."—Tribune.

In the way the difficulty in Washington could be easily overcome. Proclaim "liberty to all the people," and bid them defend their liberties.—*Principal*.

A young lady in Connecticut, who was betrothed to one of the Middletown volunteers, upon learning that he was going to war, attempted to drown herself, but was fortunately rescued by bystanders.

The Camden and Amboy railroad have voted an appropriation of \$10,000 towards the support of the families of those of their employees who may enlist.

A company of sixty volunteers has been formed in Amherst college. The president, Rev. Dr. Stearns, was about to sail for Europe, but gave up the project. He said to some students: "I would no more leave my native country at this time than I would desert my house when on fire."

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY, OR A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

Just twenty-five years ago, Gov. McDuffie of S. Carolina gave official utterance to his celebrated prediction or threat, that within twenty-five years "the institution of domestic slavery" would be extended over all the country, and that the laboring people, "bleached or unleached, [ie. white or colored], would be brought under the yoke. The close of the twenty-five years finds the same State of South Carolina actually pioneering a Confederacy of Slave States, openly and defiantly engaged in that *very enterprise*, seizing the public arms, capturing our forts, and thundering at the gates of the National Capital. For twenty-five years, the people have been warned of their danger. They have treated the warning as an idle tale, the dream of "fantasia." They are now drowsily waking to the reality, rubbing open their eyes—not, even yet, seeming to discover that it is "SLAVERY" which they have so loosely pledged themselves to "let alone in the States wherein it exists under the shield of State Sovereignty," that has come to exercise its "sovereignty over them." Will they wake, and put an end to slavery before they be made slaves themselves? Doubtful! If they follow the lead of those who try to put down secession without putting down slavery, it is next to certain that they will not.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN MONEY.

According to Thompson's New-York Bank Note Reporter of April 21, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and New Orleans bills are valued to 50 per cent discount. Tennessee 25 per cent, Missouri, 20, and Kentucky 5.

Of the Western Free States, Indiana is 5 to 10, Illinois 20 Wisconsin, 20, Michigan 2 Ohio 2, Iowa 10.

Since the last issue of the "Reporter" the Western Banks generally, except Ohio, and perhaps, Michigan, have gone down to 60 per cent discount, and the "discredited" banks to 75.

This sudden depreciation of the Western Notes, results from the impression that those Banks are based on Southern State Stocks, and that these are of little or uncertain value. Perhaps the last sudden declension is a causeless panic. Any reliable information respecting the security and solvency of Western Banks would be of mutual benefit to the East and to the West.

The Treasurer receives a considerable portion of the patron-

age from the West, and the state of the Western Currency is a matter of great importance to us.

Family Miscellany.

For the Principia.

LITTLE SUSAN'S INQUIRY.

Little rose who made you so?

How can I know?

Who cut out your tiny leaves?

Who would paint you so?

Pretty blue violet,

How did you grow?

Were you hid all winter,

Under the snow?

Or did some one make you,

And put you in the ground,

With your little sisters

Smiling all around?

And then, did they hide you

In the grass extended,

For little girls like Susan?

To walk along, and find?

Little brook, what are you?

What makes you go?

Dancing o'er the pebbles,

Jumping down below?

Where did you come from?

Where will you go?

What are you talking—

Why laughing so?

Little star what are you,

Shining down, so bright?

A little angel looking

On Susan, through the night?

Are you up in heaven?

What do you see?

Answer all my questions!

Whisper down to me!

L. G.

BABY.

BY T. HILBERT UNDERWOOD.

On typist entered the bedroom of BABY:

My fingers were tingling clear out to their tips—

With bluish expectancy a delicious sweet fever;

As trembling I parted the gossamer curtains

Where Baby lay, fast as a fresh morning-glory,

Soft-cushioned on the bed of his own velvet—

A rose-bud dropped down on a bed of blue lilies.

Like petals of purest and pinkest petunia.

Four delicate fingers crept out of their coverings,

Transparent and chubby, they rest on the crib's edge,

And drapping the fingers a fringe of crochet-work,

As flowery and light as a net-work of snow-lace,

Lay, kissing them daintily even so daintily!

Nails soft and so tiny, and tinted like pink-lilies,

Looked up to me temptingly—ever so cunning!

And asked me to kiss them, and oh! how I longed to,

But dare not, for BABY was smiling so sweetly

I knew he beheld them an angel-face near him.

Loose-ringed, on his temples of pure alabaster,

Lay curls of the softest and lightest of texture,

As sketched by a crayon of delicate gold-leaf;

Such curls as the gods gave to Ceres and Perseus!

Those kissable curls, with their live, springing tendrils,

Came up to my lips and went down to my heart-string.

Those eye-lids so finely translucent as amber,

Were tinted and tinted by the blue eyes beneath them,

To softest of purple. O marvelous eye-lids!

Ah! what is this singing so close to my heart-string?

'Tis fear, that I know by the thrill in my bosom;

'Tis born of those twinkling and fingers and eye-lids:

Born of this beauty too precious for mortal!

It tells me I look on the face of an angel.

That lies there deceiving us all by concealing

His pinpoints beneath the blue waves of the velvet.

I'll wake him! With kisses that even an angel

For such rare enjoyment would fold his wings gladly—

Would cling to mortality long enough to love!

There! there! I have reddened the white brow of BABY

Between those two linings of delicate lace-work

The secret of eye-lids. He looks, my angel-face!

I'll crush him down hard wings and all on my bosom,

And punish the darling who hides such kisses!

STORY OF A BOY AND A TEA KETTLE.

On a winter's evening, nearly one hundred years ago, the tea-board was laid out and the window curtains closely drawn in the humble parlor of a small house in the town of Greenock, in the west of Scotland. A tidy, active matron was bustling about, stirring the bread and butter. A blazing fire flamed and roared in the grate, and curled round the black sides of the tea kettle in the midst of the fire, and the water boiled with a faintly-heard popping sound, and a stream of white vapor came whizzing out of the spout of the kettle with a shrill, cheery hiss.

As the matron stooped to pour the boiling fluid in the teapot, her son James, a boy of twelve summers, sat on a low bench in front of the fire. The boy was intently gazing at the fire, absorbed in deep contemplations. The boy looked at the kettle and the steam, and the mother looked at the boy.

"Was there ever such a ne'er-da-weel in this world as our Jamie?" was the question which almost unconsciously she proposed to herself. Mrs. B. stepped in, at this moment. Turning to the visitor, Jamie's mother said:

"Mrs. B., did you ever see the likes of our Jamie? look at him, he'll sit there for hours, staring at the kettle and the steam, till ye wad think his een wad come out o' his head."

As he watched the escaping steam, the boiling fluid would gather strength and raise the lid of the tea kettle; as the dreaming boy saw this he knew the struggle was symbolical of intellect warring with the elements. As he sat gazing in his day-dreams, the mother exclaimed:

"Jamie! sit by your tea; if I find ye staring at the fire again, ye'll find the weight o' my hand."

This anecdote is literally true. James Watt was born in 1736. This incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He was the son of a poor tradesman in Greenock, and probably had never read, the spelling book and Bible excepted. It was he who first applied steam to any useful purpose.—*Grant Thorburn*.

A SMOKING MINISTER EMERGES FROM SMOKE.

DEAR SIR,—I have left off smoking. I could give you, in my own experience, some items that I think must be a little troublesome to the consciences of any smoking minister. I indulged in it till I was thoroughly convinced that it was not only opposed to the refined socialities of life, but that it was detrimental to health, heffogging to the intellect, and stupefying to the sensibilities. I will, however, trouble you with only a few details of its moral bearings. They will do to use against the habit, just as well as they would were they your own personal experience.

Take this text of the Apostle: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." A very practical text: but I was a smoker, and that habit was opposed to the best Christian society of my brethren, and, even by many who were not Christians, was regarded as a vice. I must waive that subject, let my people say, "Physician, heal thyself."

I wanted to preach upon the duty of self-denial—a duty that needs often to be urged. But the idea of a *smoker* preaching such a doctrine was simply ridiculous. [That must be dropped, then.]

The subject of Temperance came up. I felt called to preach upon it, but I could find no sound premise from which to reason, that was not destructive to my peace, as a smoking Christian.

I wished to preach a sermon on benevolence, requiring to save the *little* for Christ; but my cigar-bill faced me. I could not well preach in the face of that.

It was my daily prayer that God would cleanse my heart from self. Conscience would whisper, smoking is sin.

I wished to visit my people; but both my duties and my breath indicated that I had been smoking. I had a little rather they would not know it; besides, it might be offensive to them. I must stay at home.

I needed two or three hours of vigorous bodily exercise; but I sat down and smoked after each meal, and an hour and a half or two hours of the day were gone. A good smoke requires an hour. I could not spare the time for exercise, and I soon got so that vigorous exercise was disagreeable; in fine, I grew weary.

But I forbear. I do not know how others get along with these daily experiences, but I could not endure them longer, and I am no longer a smoker. I relate these experiences to you because I know you have a disposition to trouble people's consciences about this sin, so far as you can. But a smoker knows best how a sinner feels, and the above items may help you. Besides, I owe you this confession, as an evidence of approval of your efforts and arguments for my reform in this matter.—*Anti-Tobacco Journal.*

BOY LOST.

He had black eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair black, and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers, buttoned on. Had a habit of whistling and asking questions. Was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant home and much company. My guests say "Ah, it is pleasant here! Everything has such an order, put away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt!"

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whistlings and cut paper upon the floor; or tumbled-down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-cars, clocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging and kites a-making. I want to see crumblies on the carpet, and paste split on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and table turned the wrong way about; I want to see candy making and corn popping; and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins; yet these things used to fret me once.

They say—"How quiet you are here; ah, one here may coddle his brains and be at peace?" But my ears are aching for the patter of the little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la, for the crack of little whips, for the noise of drums, fife, and tin trumpets; yet these things made me nervous, once.

They say—"Ah, you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what hoops of sewing you have time for?" But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate pencil or pen. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or mainmains, and then to have the same; I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a sauce. Yet these things used to fidget me.

They say—"Ah, you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty to go to concerts, lectures, and parties; no confinement for you?" But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell, mornings; to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window, unable feet skipping to school. I want frequent notes to mend, and to replace lost buttons; I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, molasses stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib, of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, and mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—those mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement, once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock coat, homed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him.

He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of white trousers, with gay stripes at the sides, and asks if I didn't make them for him when he joined the boy's militia? He says he is the very boy, too, who made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little hat to show the red stripe on the sail, (it was the end of the piece), and the name on the stern—"Lucy Lowe"—a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her long curls and pretty face, was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to be a tall handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he says me the name on the boat. O, I see it all, as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big one will soon be. Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown, lying in a cradle, his head held by his mother's hand in mine, pushing

ing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy back now, how patient I would be. How much I would hear, and how little I would fret and scold. I can never have him back again, but there are still many mothers who haven't lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living in their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children. I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown up one.—*Exchange.*

P.S.—*THE LOST BOY FOUND.*—Our lady readers are at liberty to dream that the mother who wrote the above, has indeed suffered the additional loss of her big boy, by his marriage with "Lucy Lowe." And then, on dreaming a second time, they may be consoled by the assurance that the bereaved mother has, at length, recovered her long lost little boy, in the discovery of a grandson, who will take her time, and litter her rooms, and turn her ears, and de-range her choice furniture and muslin again, to her heart's content. Let us hope that her cup of happiness and patience will be full, this time.—*Principia.*

STORY OF A RAILROAD ENGINEER.

I was running a night express train, and had a train of ten cars—eight passenger and two baggage cars—and all were well loaded. I was behind time, and I was very anxious to make a certain point; thus I was using every exertion, and putting the engine to the utmost speed of which she was capable. I was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line and was endeavoring to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop.

A something seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous and that I must stop if I would save my life. I looked back at my train, and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, but could see no signal of danger or anything looking dangerous, and there I could see five miles in the day-time. I listened to the workings of my engine, tried the water, looked at the gauge, and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear, but like Banquo's ghost, it would not go down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me.

I thought of the ride I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into conviction—that I must stop, grew still stronger, and I shut off, and blew the whistle for braking, accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off and went ahead a little way, without saying anything to anybody what the matter was. I had a lantern in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nervous grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; for there was a switch, the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it had never been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but now was open to lead me off the track. This switch led into a stone quarry whence stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and the switch was left there, in case stone should be needed at any time, but it was always locked and the switch rail spiked.

Yet here it was, wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning—all that what you will—I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of thirty miles per hour, would have come into a collision with a solid wall of rock, eighteen feet high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described, but they could by no possibility have been otherwise than fatally horrendous.

This is my experience in getting warnings from a source that I know not, and cannot divine. It is a mystery to me—a mystery for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor whence it came.

Dr. WATERHOUSE says: "I never saw so many pallid faces, so many marks of declining health, nor ever knew so many consumptive affections; and I trace it principally to the pernicious cost of smoking cigars."

It is the ordinary lot of a great many people to have no friends, if they care for nobody themselves.

BAD PENMANSHIP.

Nieharr is quoted by an exchange as saying: "A handwriting 'ought never to be forgiven' is is shameful do; indeed, sending a badly written letter to a fellow creature, is as impudent an act as I know of."

Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, insists that bad handwriting is execrable, because any man who uses the use of his eyes and his right hand, may write what he pleases.

Editors and book publishers know that many a manuscript designed for the press, is never printed, because it is not in fit order to be printed, owing to carelessness in writing and punctuation. Writers too much in haste write intelligibly, are naturally suspected of being in a much haste to think correctly, or to be certain of their facts. When a Correspondent asks the editor to correct his manuscript, for him, he asks what few industrious editors have time to do, and the editor who undertakes the task commonly finds defects of consideration and sound sense in the matter itself, quite as annoying as defects in shape the letters, and constructing the sentences. No one ought to send an article to the press without giving a second reading, to reconsider what he has said, and a reading to see that the manner is as it should be. There may be brilliant geniuses who write recklessly, but they worthy writers seldom or never do.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their friends with a distant dignity, and move among their children like the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes, than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship and values sympathy and affection, would not rather have all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and genuine emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love.

Love should be disinterested and uncalculating. Love which hath ends will have an end.

WRITINGS OF WILLIAM GODELL

For sale at the office of the *Principia*: FOR CASH ONLY.
DEMOCRACY OF CHRISTIANITY, 2 Vols., \$1 50. Postage 10 cts.
SLAVERY AND ANTI-SLAVERY (History of) Vol. 1, \$1 00 Postage 10 cts.
AMERICAN SLAVE CODE, 1 Vol., \$1 00. Postage 10 cts.

OUR NATIONAL CHARTERS.

FOR THE MILLIONS, INCLUDING

- I. The Federal Constitution of 1787.
 - II. The Articles of Confederation, 1778.
 - III. The Declaration of Independence, 1776.
 - IV. The Articles of Association, 1774.
- With notes showing their bearing on slavery, and the powers of the State and National Governments. Also many of Legal Rights of the Slave, and of the Freedman, collected from the highest authorities, is prefixed to the Constitution. An Appendix contains extracts from State Constitutions and Bills of Rights—Quintessence of 1787, excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory; also, sentiments of the Revolutionary War, &c.

Prices of "Our National Charters." By mail, postage prepaid, by the Publisher. Delivered at the Office: by private conveyance, or by express, as ordered, at the expense of the purchaser.

Single copy	15 cents.	Single copy	15 cents.
For 4 copies	50 "	For 4 copies	50 "
— 3 "	40 "	— 3 "	40 "
— 2 "	30 "	— 2 "	30 "
— 1 "	20 "	— 1 "	20 "
— 1 "	10 "	— 1 "	10 "
In packages of more than 20 or 30 copies it is generally cheaper to send by Express, (where it can be done) than by Mail. But this may depend on the distance and directions of the route. It may be ascertained by experiment, or by inquiry at the nearest office.			

For sale by WILLIAM GODELL, of M. B. WILLIAMS, Office of the *Principia*, 709 Pearl Street, New York. TERMS, CASH ON ADVANCE.

N.B. All privileges on Books, Pamphlets, and Tracts, made at our *Post-Office* in advance, so that we cannot answer as above, without having received the postage money, as well as the price of the publications.

Also for sale as above.

Spooner's Unconstitutionality of Slavery.

In paper covers, price 75 cents, postage 13 cts. In cloth, postage 10 cts.

22c. We have no books, pamphlets, or tracts for sale, these advertised, above, and it is not convenient for us to order for any others.

D. D. NICHOLSON, PRINTER, 161 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.